The Mississippi valley is 1,800. miles wide in its widest part, between the Alleghanies and the Rocky mountales; its length is 2,000 miles and its area 1.850,000 square miles.

HOPE AND WISDOM Both are contained in Cheatham's Lax-stive Chill Tablets. Try them. 25 cts.

Of Alaska's shipments to the United States but 30 per cent in value is gold. The value of canned salmon alone is \$8,400,000, or \$1,000,000 more than Mr. Seward as secretary of state paid for

LAUCH AND THE WORLD Laughs with you, have chills and you chill alone. Cheatham's Laxative Chill Tablets oures, gives an appetite and strength. Most convenient chill Tonic on earth. Gan carry

A radical plan for getting rid of the plague has been suggested at Bombay—that of removing 300,000 people and thoroughly disinfecting their homes.

The man who wants the earth is the very one the earth can get along with-

The manufacture of artificial camphor by electrolysis is now assured.

When people see specks it's time

for them to wear spectacies. There is seldom much profit in proph

The hardest work some people have to do is looking for a good time.

It is well to know some people well

"ALL SIGHS FAIL IN A DRY TIME THE SIGN OF THE FISH NEVER FAILS IN A WET TIME.

Remember this when you buy Wet Weather Clothing and look for the name TOWER on the buttons. This sign and this name have stood for the BEST during sixty-seven years of increasing sales.

If your dealer will not supply you write for free catalogue of black or yellow water-proof oiled coats, slickers, suits, hats, and Horse goods for all kinds of wet work.

A. J. TOWER CO., THE TOWERS
BOSTON, MASL U.S.A. SIGN
TOWER CANADIAN CO.
TORONTO, CAR. EDITION



dealer you want the best starch your money can buy. Insist on having the best,

DEFIANCE.

It is 16 ounces for to cents. No premiums, but one pound of the very best starch made. We put all our money in the starch.

It needs no cooking.

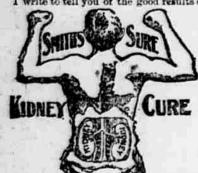
It is absolutely pure.

It gives satisfaction or money back.

THE DEFIANCE STARCH CO. Omaha, Neb.

Read! Read! Read! Smith Medical Co. St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 15th, 1902.





I have had Kidney trouble four years tried 3 doctors and several patent medi-cines, with little relief until advised by C. N. Herron to try your Kidney Care and , we bottles did more good than all other treatment. I think Smith's Sure Kidney Cure the best of all. It will do all and more than you claim for it. It relieved me of indigestion or stomach trouble. I am thankful.

Yours very truly, C. A. HARPER, J. P.

Price 50 cents and \$1.00. For sale by all druggists.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

W. N. U. HOUSTON-NO. 38, 1903



To the housewife who has not yet become acquainted with the new things of everyday use in the market and who is reasonably satisfied with the old, we would suggest that a trial of Defiance Cold Water Starch be made at once. Not alone because it is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be superior to any other brand, but because each 10c package contains 16 ozs., while all the other kinds contain but 12 ozs. It is eafe to say that the lady who once uses Defiance Starch will use no other. Quality and quantity must win.

The Ravarians are well aware that they make the best beer in the world. Their exports last year amounted to 2.605,801 bectolitres, while the imports were only 1,075,926 hectolitres, mostly from Austria.

A farmer in France complains that his cattle grazing in fields near a motor-frequented highway, instead of fattening, grow thinner and thinner from fright.

Charged with vagabondage, a youth who was arrested by the Paris police the other day declared that he gained a living as a professional applauder of public meetings at about sixty-five cents a night.

31.00 BIG 500-POUND STEEL RANGE OFFER.

RANGE OFFER.

If you can use the best big 500-pound steel range made in the world, and are willing to have it placed in your own home on three months free trial, just cut this notice out and send to Skans, Roemick & Co., Unleago, and you will receive free by return mail a big picture of the steel range and many other cooking and heating stoves, you will also receive the most wonderful \$1.00 steel range offer, an offer that places the best steel range offer, an offer that places the best steel range or heating stove in the home of any family, such an offer that no family in the land, no matter what their circumstances may be, or how small their income, need be without the best cooking or heating stove made.

Lions In a Balloon.

Probably the most remarkable batloon ascent ever made took place at Roubaix recently. The author of this singular exploit was a Captain Henri, a menageric proprietor, who went up in a cage-boat attached to a balloon. with two lions in the cage with him, and two zeronauts, MM. Wellet and Duchateau, on the top of the cage. The ascent took place at 5 p. m., and the balloon rose splendidly, in presence of a great crowd, taking a course towards the Belgian frontier, descending without accident at Etalmbourg at 6:30.

Had His Likes.

A little boy who lives in the southern part of the city has ideas of his own, which he sometimes expresses to the astonishment and amusement of his parents and the members of his family. He is very fond of sweets, especially of pie, which his mother makes. The other day they had cherry pie for dinner. He had eaten one piece, when he said, "Mamma, can I eat another piece?" "Yes," corrected his mother, "you can, but may you is the question?" "Oh, pshaw!" said the boy, "you know I always did like ple better than grammar."

DON'T BECOME DISCOURAGED. But use Simmons' Liver Purifler (tin box.)
Many imitations of the original, so be careful and see THAT IT'S "PURIFIER" and
manufactured by the A. C. SIMMONS JR.
MEDICINE CO.

Curlous Superstition.

A correspondent of the Field men tions a curious superstition respecting bees dying on the death of their owner. "I have been," he writes, "to the sale of the effects of a gentleman died about a fortnight since. the catalogue three stocks of bees were entered for sale, but when the man went to move them out they were all dead. This is the third time I have personally known such an occur-

There are 526 islands numbered on the chart of the Mississippi north of the mouth of the Illinois river, besides many little fellows that are not considered worth numbering. The boat men call them "Towheads."

Why should woman suffer untold agony, from female diseases, when they can be cored at home, by using Dr. Lunn's Home Treatment for Women For particulars, address; Dr. Lunn's Sanitarium and Hospital. Houston, Tex.

Alaskan natives have developed great fondness for bacon, hard broad, canned beef and other foods of like nature.

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE

With your back, old man? Rheumatism? Too bad, too bad. I advise you to try Hunt's Lightning Oil. It is said to be a

There are 700,000 acres of sunflower farms in Central and Eastern Russia, and 150 mills, which press out 200,000,000 pounds of sunflower oil every year.

There has been started in Malden, Mass., a goat farm for the production of goat's milk. The promoters expect that there will be a large demand for the milk, especially for the dietary treatment of sick babies.

San Francisco's city engineer includes an item of \$721,000 for children's playgrounds in his report on improvements.

No chromos or cheap premiums, but a better quality and one-third more of Defiance Starch for the same price of other starches,

Spanish newspapers claim that the oldest general in the world Count Cheste. He is ninety-five and strong Scotch accent. The men with has served in the army eighty-one He is president of the Spanish Academy.

PRETTY TOUGH TO SCRATCH For a living and relief also. Hunt's Cure will cure you of Itch, Tetter, Ringworm Itching Pfles, Eczema. Guaranteed by all dealers.

Motor cars are to be introduced on Austria. Each will carry forty per Paul saw an elderly white man in the dangers of the Klondyke. She was of the St. John water front. some of the local railways in lower sons and be divided in two classes.

The Klondyke Gold Myslery

By JOHN R. MUSICK, Author of "Mysterious Mr. Howard," "The Durk Stranger," "Charite Allendale's Double," Etc.

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CHAPTER VII .- (Continued.) "Have you traveled far?" asked Clarence. 'Shipmate, this old hulk is about

on her last -- cruise," said a feeble, husky voice. "It is Raiston-Glum Raiston!"

roared Gid. "Where ye been, Glum? Tell me where ye been!" "I am sick-starving-dying!" the

ex-sailor moaned. Clarence hurried him to his house,

where a warm supper was hastily propared for him. "Have you seen Paul Miller or

heard from him since you came upon

us in the pass?" was one of the first questions propounded by Clarence. 'Yes," he answered. "Last I saw o aim he was on an iceberg sailin' out t' sea, and his oul; fellow-passenger

was a polar bear." It will be essential at this point to return to Paul Miller, whom we left on an iceberg floating out to sea. The swelling flood and tossing cakes of ice between, the drifting floe and shore made it utterly impossible for him to reach land. The sharp growl of the monster above indicated that a crisis was coming, which would de-

termine the rights of ownership to the mountain of icc.

Through all his misfortunes Paul had managed to retain his presence of mind and his rifle. He executed a skillful flank movement, and, scaling a shelf, was several feet above the bear and not over twenty paces away. prepared for an assault. With nerves as steady as if engaging in the most ordinary sport, he leveled his rifle at the side of the monster's head. When sure of his aim he pulled the trigger. There followed a sharp report and the bear dropped on his haunches, his nose in the air.

Paul cocked his rifle and fired a second shot at the beast's head. It fell on the ice and after a few spasmodic kicks lay still. He sent a third into the back of its head, but it was wholly unnecessary, for the other bullets had done the work.

With his knife he removed the skin from the animal, and, climbing as high as he dared, hung it upon one of those spires of ice, in the hope some sealing schooner or whaling ship might see it and send a boat to his relief. When night came he lay down on the snow and ice, and, notwithstanding his perilous situation, actually slept.

He was awakened soon after by the sound of voices near

"What say ye nou?" one seemed to say to another.

"I say nowt," was the answer. "If he be there find him."

"Sure, man, ye canna say as a bear will peel his own skin from his back." "Weel, there's a stiffener," returned another voice.

Paul rose and mechanically laid his hand on the rifle at his side. Only a few hours before he was wishing he had not shot the bear, and that it had destroyed him instead of he shooting it, but now that his life might probably be in danger, it grew suddenly very sweet.

He raised his head a trifle higher and listened intently at the voices. "Push alongside and let a lad go ashore," said another voice.

Then he plainly heard the splashing of paddles in the water. He crept along on hand and knees, bolding his rifle in one hand and a cocked revolver in the other.

Then he raised his head just a little and saw a large canoe in which were half a score of dark-skinned Indians. Surprise and curiosity overcame any fear he might entertain of his visitors, and he arose and gazed about on the sea and shore. The glance filled him with wonder and surprise. The shore was lined with green trees, and afar off he saw a mountain towering so high its peak pierced the light blue

clouds. He saw chimneys to houses from which the pale blue smoke was issuing, mingling with the atmosphere. It was a brisk little village with men. women and children in it, but what add: brought peace to his troubled mind and relieved all fear was the little white church, with its spire, on the hillside.

"There he is! There he is!" cried a young man in the cance, pointing at Paul. "Ho, my brother, you ride on a

strange boat!"

"Who are you?" asked Paul.

"The Metlakahtla," was the answer. He tried to think where he had heard the name before, but was unable to recollect it. He was asked to come down to their cance. They tossed a rope to him, which he made fast to one of the great cakes of ice, and slid down to the boat. The tall chief stood up to eatch him, and as he dropped

into his arms said: "My brother, you are safe. You

have had a very dangerous ride." "It is not so weel, that boot ye ride upon," put in another Indian, with a the paddles at once propelled the canoe away from the ice floe, and it glided out into the bay, straight for the village of Metlakahtla. The island was given by the United States to a scanty tribe of British American Indians whom an old Scotch missionary had converted from utter savagery into a civilized and God-fearing people.

When the canoe touched the shore

of civilization, and his long, white hair and beard gave him a patriarchal appearance. His face was grave and

"My son, a kind Providence has wonderfully preserved you. We will go to church to return thanks for your great deliverance, and then we will hear your story.

After songs and prayers Paul was taken to the home of the patriarch, where he fared sumptuously, after which he narrated his strange adventures to the good old missionary.

"So you are another, my son, who has come to dig gold from the earth in the frozen north." Then, taking the arm of the youth, he led him from the house, and, pointing to that great old mountain, which, grim and gray, towered into the skies, and with his eyes wildly dilating, said:

"In mockery, at the grim gateway of Alaska, towers that mountain of gold upon which no white man dares lay his finger.

Paul gazed at him in amazement, and began to wonder if he had not got among a race of madmen. "How was the gold discovered?" he

asked. "It's not discovered save by the Indians and perhaps one other than yourself. But come in and I will tell

you what other white man than yourself knows of the island and the mountain of gold." When they were seated in the cozy parsonage the old missionary proceeded to tell Paul the story, but they were interrupted by the arrival of some Indians with a prisoner. The

Raiston. No sooner did Father Duncan see the captive than he said: "It is one of the two sailors who did away with the poor captain." When Paul saw the prisoner he ex-

story told by Father Duncan we have

heard before from the lips of Clum

"Great Heaven! It is one of the men who captured the old hermit in the cavern!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Laura's Departure. While the many stirring events were transpiring in Alaska, poor Laura Bush was living a life of doubt, mingled with hope and despair, at Fresno, California. Not a line had she recelved from Paul since the letter came that he was robbed and wounded. Was he dead or was he still alive. struggling to regain what he had lost?

It began to be whispered over the town that Laura Bush was losing her reason. Theodore Lackland was shocked and grieved at the thought. for in his selfish way he loved her madly. He would have given worlds to possess this matchless beauty, who had wholly captivated his soul. At this time a most remarkable

event transpired-an event that was more a surprise to Laura than any one else. A bachelor uncle living in Wyoming died and left her twelve thousand dollars-all he possessed.

This will enable me to procure an outfit and go in search of Paul," said Laura to Mrs. Miller. The widow enfolded her in her arms and begged her to abandon such a mad design.

In vain she wept, prayed and plead with her. Laura was so impressed with the conviction that she must go. She had her way. Buying her outfit and securing the service of a faithful, trusty man who had worked for her

father, she prepared for the journey. She had made her last trip to San Francisco and returned late one day. a short time before her departure. On reaching Fresno she started from the denot to walk home. It was so late the sun had set, and the shadows of evening began to creep over the landscape. She heard footsteps at her side and Lackland's voice said:

"Miss Bush, I have heard a rumor that you are going to start for Alaska.

"I shall." He walked on in silence for a moment, while his pale face wore a pensive, sad expression, and his eyes were upon the ground. His determination to conquer made him selfish and scheming. At last he said:

"Laura, you do not understand me. am a true friend to you; you may not believe it, but I am. That other time my passion was hot. I was wrong, perhaps, in denouncing the man you loved, but surely you will forgive me."

She answered that she was taught she must forgive in order to be forgiven. As a drowning man clutches at a straw, he grasped at something in her words, and was encouraged to

"Laura, if you would let me sympa thize with you in this loss, I would freely mingle my tears with yours. Oh, if you would only let me be a brother-more than a brother--'

"Silence, Mr. Lackland," she quickly interrupted. "I will hear no more from you. Here I am at home; good-

night. She darted into the house, quickly closing the door after her and leaving him standing out in the cold, dark street. For a moment he stood gazing upon the door which had closed upon the being he loved, and then turned slowly about, his thin, white lips compressed, and his fingers closed firmly as if he had the lockjaw.

As he boarded the midnight train for San Francisco he murmured, half audibly:

"Something desperate must be done. I shall now play my last trump card." Meanwhile Laura was completing arrangements for an early departure. Ben Holton, her father's faithful domestic, was the only person she engaged to go with her. A party was forming at Seattle, and thither she went with all her supplies. Mrs. Miller accompanied her that far.

Here they found another brave woman-Kate Willis-ready to brave the

throng. He was fressed in the garb | forty years of age, large, strong, and had determined to go to Juneau or Dawson City to start a laundry.

The vessel pushed off, and Mrs. Miller stood on the dock waving her handkerchief at the brave girl until distance mingled her form with the others, and then burst into tears.

Theodore Lackland was a deep schemer, and when he separated from Laura Kean he had by no means aban-

doned hope of winning her. While on his way to San Francisco

he was continually saying: "So she is going herself to search for her lover! Is Paul dead-really dead? May it not be only a mistake after all? He is missing, that is sure, but the young fellow has more lives than a cat. I wish to Heaven I knew that he was-" He started, and, shuddering, began to think how degenerated he had grown.

Then he leaned back in his seat and closed his eyes, while the great train, like a flying vulcan, rushed on in the darkness until the city of Oakland was reached. He went aboard the ferry. and was transferred to San Francisco. and, leaping into a carriage, was driven to a certain hotel, where he secured a room.

It was nearly daylight by this time, but notwithstanding he had slept none during the night, he summoned a messenger, wrote a note, and, sealing it, dispatched the boy.

Two hours had passed, and the sun was shining through the window, when there came a light tap at his door, and he opened it.

Before him stood a smooth-shaved man with hair that was once sandy. roan. His nose and eyes were promitton Star. nent, and his face narrow, cheeks red and steel-gray eyes twinkled with semething deep and devilish. The newcomer was a peculiarly nervous man who had a strange habit of craning his neck and bowing his head like an eccentric burlesque comedian.

After assuring himself he was not being watched, he closed the door softly and in a voice that was softness itself asked:

"You sent for me," and craned his neck like a choked rooster trying to swallow a morsel too large for its throat.

"Yes, Capt. Fairweather, I want to talk with you. When does another ship sail for Juneau?"

The captain, who was well up in marine intelligence, said: "There is the 'President' sails from Scattle in three weeks, and the 'Occident' leaves here a few days sooner.' "Will they both arrive about the

same time?" "Yes, the 'Occident' a little ahead of the 'President,' as she is the fastest boat.

"That is just as I want it. Now,

captain, you secured men for me before to do some work in the Klon-Again the captain craned his neck, choked and bowed, then cautiously

glanced about the room to see if he was observed before answering:

"They got in trouble there." "How do you know?" "Morris wrote that Belcher was shot and in the hands of the miners, who might lynch him," and Capt. Fairweather placed his hands about his neck, as if the very thought gave him

"Has he given away anything?" asked Lackland, with some little unensiness.

"No. He will die before he does that.

"Very well. Fairweather have you heard of the fate of this young fellow who is causing so much trouble?"

"No." "The girl says he lives."

"Bah!" "Well, the impression is so strong that she has determined to set out for Alaska to find him, and sails in the

President' for Seattle." "It will be a fool's journey, I know full well; he can't be alive." "Well, I have made up my mind to

go to Alaska myself." (To be continued.)

UNIQUE ACTION OF THE TIDE

We have reversible vests, revers-

Reversible Waterfall at St. John, New Brunswick, Canada.

ible windmills, and all sorts of reversibles nowadays, but St. John, in New Brunswick, Canada, has the only reversible waterfall in the world. In the morning there is a fall downstream of 15 feet, but in the afternoon the water runs upstream and falls over the other way. This phenomenon is caused by the strength of the wonderful tides of the Bay of Fundy, which meet and overcome the water from a river 450 miles long, which empties into the harbor of St. John through a narrow gorge less than 500 feet wide. There is a suspension bridge over the gorge where this daily marvel occurs, and hundreds of people go to see it. the dam and vessels go up and down proud."-Washington Star. in safety. The tides of the bay of Fundy are the heaviest in the world. If you are ever in New Brunswick and it's time for the tide to come in you want to make for the bluffs if you are not fond of the water.

Vessels come into St. John has ver and when the tide goes out the water | tising for a man of 'average intelliruns clear out from under them and they settle down upon the gravel bottom of the slips. Wagons are then driven alongside and cargo is transferred direct. It is an odd spectacle to see schooners sitting up high and dry, with no water near them, looking as though the only way for them to get to sea would be to fly. Some writer has remarked that water makes an astonishing difference in the appearance of a river, and it certainly does make a big change in the looks

She Funny Side of Life.

The moth he is a a epicure. Who eats full oft with sainty zeal. He eats his fill, You foot the bill For his nice fifty-dollar meal.
—Washington Star.

COMES HIGH.

Knicker-"Experience is the best teacher."

Bocker-"Well, aren't we always raising her salary?"-Harper's Bazar.

AT CLOSE RANGE.

Mrs. Upperton-"I had all the concelt taken out of me yesterday." Mrs, Nextdoor-"Indeed! And where did they find room to put all of it?"-Chicago News.

SELF-DEPRECIATION.

"What I like," said Willie Washingten, "is a good sensible girl."

"Why don't you propose to one?" "What is the use? If she were sensible she would say no?"-Washington Star.

DEFINED.

"What is your idea of a popular

"A popular tune," said the man who takes music seriously, "is one that gets but so bleached with gray it was a to be universally disliked."-Washing-

DEALER WAS WISE.

Brown-"Why do you want me to pay in advance? Are you afraid I won't bring the horse back?"

Liveryman-"No, no; not at all. But you see the horse might come back without you."-Atlanta Journal.

CRUEL. His Wife-"Charles, I do think you ought to give me more of your time." Her Husband-"Give you more! Why, you take so much of my time that I couldn't be a second in a duel."

-Harper's Bazar. HE KNOWS BETTER.



"Do you know what I'm going to whip you for?"

se I might make a gues I ain't goin' to do it, 'cause I might guess something you didn't know about. I ain't takin' no foolish risks like that, not if I know myself."-New York Journal.

INSEPARABLE.

Affrighted, be turned on his pursuer. "You black thing, why do you follow me constantly? What are you?" "I am your sunshine companion." mockingly replied his shadow .- Chlcago Tribune.

A QUESTION.

"Here's something that has been puzzling me," remarked the man who thinks too deeply. "What's that?"

really vegetarians?" - Philadelphia

"If all flesh is grass are caunibals

NOT LESS DEVOTED. "You used to sing 'Every morn I send you violets,' before we were married," said Mrs. Brimkin, with a

"Yes." answered Mr. Brimkin, "but my devotion has taken a more practical form. Every month I pay the meat bill."-Washington Star.

AN ACRIEVEMENT. "I don't see why you should be so proud of winning that case," said the intimate friend. "You were plainly in the wrong."

"You don't understand these things at all," answered the lawyer. "That's At half-tide the water is smooth over the very thing that makes me so

NO SUCH MAN.

Manager-"Strange, there haven't been any answers to my advertisement for a clerk."

Proprietor-"No wonder. You made a mess of that 'ad.' 'The idea of advergence!" Everybody who isn't hopelessly below it feels he's far above it."-

Philadelphia Public Ledger.

PASSED IN THE RACE. "Alas!" said the unbappy woman, "and we were once considered wealthy!"

"But, my dear," said her husband soothingly, "we have as much money as ever." "Oh, yes, I know, but there are so

nany who have a lot more that nobody pays any attention to us any longer!" -Brooklyn Life.